

## PHILADELPHIA



## REPOSITORY,

AND

## WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, October 17, 1801.

*Tarempou and Serinda.*

A TALE.

(CONCLUDED.)

THIS answer, far from removing the suspense, created one a thousand times more terrible. The Lama Zarin thought it portended ruin to himself and family; he now reflected on the rash steps he had taken, and feared his sanguine hopes had been deceived by frequent conversation with a stranger, who had taught him to think lightly of the laws and customs of Thibet, for which he now recollected with horror the Great Lama's bigotry and zeal; he knew he must obey the summons, and trembled at his situation. Tarempou was too much enamoured to think of any danger which promised him a sight of his beloved mistress; and all the fear he felt, was, lest the Beauty of Serinda should tempt the Supreme Lama to seize her for himself. But she, in whose love-sick heart dwelt purest innocence, a fountain from whence sprang hope, which, branching in a thousand channels, diffused itself over all her soul, and gleamed in her countenance, half seen and half concealed, like the meandering veins that sweetly overspread her swelling bosom, revered the Lama for his decree, and thought it proceeded from his desire of being witness to the mutual happiness of virtuous love: with these sentiments she felt only joy at their departure, which took place that very day, with all the pomp and retinue of eastern splendour.

Here in the original, follows a very long detail of their journey, describing the num-

ber of their attendants, with the camels and elephants employed on the occasion; it relates that the Lama would sometimes travel in the sumptuous palanquin of his daughter, and sometimes ride on the same elephant with Tarempou, dividing his time bewixt the conversation of each, but unable to suppress his apprehensions, or dissipate the fears of his foreboding mind.

To compress the story within the limits of this paper, I shall immediately proceed to the tribunal which was held in the great Hall of Silence, and leave the reader to imagine the magnificence, which there is not now room to describe at large. At the upper end of the superb apartment, sat, on a throne of massy gold, the Supreme Lama; before him, at some distance, were two altars smoking with fragrant incense; and around him knelt an hundred Lamas, in silent adoration (for in Thibet all men pay divine honours to the Supreme Lama, who is supposed to live for ever, the same spirit passing from father to son.) To this solemn tribunal Lama Zarin was introduced by mutes, from an apartment directly opposite to the throne, and knelt in awful silence betwixt the smoking altars:—at the same time, from two doors facing each other, were ushered in Tarempou and Serinda, each covered by a thick veil, which was fastened to the summit of their turbans, and touched the ground; and each accompanied by a mute, fell prostrate before the throne—a dreadful stillness now prevailed—all was mute as death—while doubt, suspense and horror chilled the bosoms of the expecting lovers.—In this fearful interval of silence, the throbbing of Serinda's heart became distinctly audible, and pierced the soul of her Tarempou—the father heard it too; and a half-smothered sigh involuntarily stole from his bosom, and resounded thro' the echoing dome.—At length the

solemn deep-toned voice of the Great Lama uttered these words: Attend, and mark the will of him who speaks with the mouth of heaven! Arise, and hear! Know that the promise of a Lama is as sacred as the words of Alla; therefore are ye brought hither to behold each other, and in this august presence, by a solemn union, to receive the reward of love, which a fond father's praise has kindled in your souls, and which he having promised, must be fulfilled. Prepare to remove the veils. Let Lama Zarin join your hands, and then embrace each other; but on your lives, utter not a word, for know, that in the Hall of Silence, 'tis death for any tongue to sound but that which speaks the voice of heaven.

He ceased, and his words resounding from the lofty room, gradually died upon the ear, till the same dreadful stillness again prevailed through all the building,—and now, at a signal given, the mutes removed the veils at the same time, and discovered the beauteous forms of Tarempou and Serinda. What language can describe the matchless grace of each, far less convey an adequate idea of that expression, with which each beheld the other in agonies of joy, suspense and rapture! But they gazed in silence, till, by another signal from the throne, the father joined their hands; and then Tarempou, as commanded, embraced his lovely bride; while she, unable to support this trying moment, fainted in his arms;—and now, Tarempou, regardless of the prohibition, exclaimed,—“Help! my Serinda dies!” Instantly the voice from the throne returned this melancholy sound, Tarempou dies! Immediately two mutes approached with the fatal bow-string, and seizing Tarempou, fixed an instrument of silence on his lips; while other mutes hurried away Serinda, insensible to the danger of her lover; but the fa-

ther, unable to restrain the anguish of his soul, cried out with bitterness,—If to speak be death, let me die also; but first I will execrate the savage customs, and curse the laws that doom the innocent. He would have proceeded, but other mutes surrounded him, and stopped his speech, as they had done Tarempou's. Then the Supreme Lama again addressed them in these words, Know, presumptuous and devoted wretches, that before ye brake that solemn law which enjoins silence in this sacred presence, ye were already doomed to death. Thou, Lama Zarin, for daring to degrade the holy priesthood of Lamas by marrying thy daughter to a slave; and thou, Tarempou, for presuming to ally thyself with one of that sacred race. The promise which this foolish Lama made, was literally fulfilled: these daring rebels against the laws of Thibet have seen, and been united to each other; and the embrace which was permitted, was doomed to be the last. Now, therefore, mutes, perform your office on Tarempou first. They accordingly bound the victim, who was already gagged, to one of the altars, and were fixing the cord about his neck, when they desisted on a sudden, and prostrating themselves before Tarempou, they performed the same obsequence which is paid only to the heir of the sacred throne of Tonker. A general consternation seized all present; and the Supreme Lama, descending from his throne, approached Tarempou; on whose left shoulder, which had been uncovered by the executioners, he now perceived the mystic characters with which the sacred family of Thibet are always distinguished at their birth. He saw the well-known mark, the voice of nature confirmed this testimony of his sight; and falling on the neck of Tarempou, he exclaimed, It is my son! my lost son! quickly restore his voice: henceforth this place shall be no longer called the Hall of Silence, but of Joy; for in this place, we will to-morrow celebrate the nuptials of Tarempou and Serinda.

The history then explains this sudden event, by relating that some Jesuit Missionaries, who had gained access to the capital of Thibet, in their zeal for religion, had stolen the heir of the throne, then an infant, hoping to make use of him in the conversion of these people; but, in their retreat through the great desert of Cobi, they had been attacked by a banditti, who killed the Jesuits, and sold the young Lama for a slave. He had served in the Ottoman army; he had been taken by the Knights of Malta; afterwards became servant to a French officer, with whom he travelled

though all Europe, and at length accompanied him to India; here, in an engagement with the Mahrattas, he had been again taken prisoner, and sold as a slave to some merchants of Thibet; this means he came into the service of the Lama, without knowing any thing of his origin, or the meaning of those characters which he bore on his left shoulder, and which had effected this wonderful discovery.

The history concludes with saying, that Tarempou was wedded to the fair Serinda, and that their happiness was unexampled; that the lessons he had been taught in the school of adversity, and the observations he had made in the various countries he had seen, prepared him to abolish the many foolish and impious customs of Thibet: and he caused to be written over the throne of the Great Hall, this inscription:

"Mark the cries of distress, and give relief.—Receive the blessing of the grateful, rejoice in them.—Hearken to the words of age, experience, and goodness, and obey them.—Stifle not the feelings of humanity, but encourage virtuous love; for the still small voice of innocence and nature, is in every country the true voice of Heaven."

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For the Philadelphia Repository.

### RELIGION.

THE mild, peaceable, and benevolent spirit which lives in all the precepts of the Divine Founder of the Christian Religion, and the happy effects which would result to society from a more steady adherence to them, makes it excite my astonishment, to see men strive with all the zeal of bigotted enthusiasts, to persuade us that our belief in the doctrines of Christianity are ill-founded, that Christ never existed, or if he did, he was no more than a mere mortal. Firmly as I believe in the divinity of our Saviour, yet let us suppose, for a moment, that he never existed, or was only a mortal, and then let me ask, what benefit would result to society? By being convinced of it, will it make us happier in any point of view? will it heighten our enjoyments, or mitigate our miseries? or will it enable us to pass through life more pleasantly? To this question every rational and considerate person will answer in the negative:—Why then cannot men who reject the doctrines of our Saviour, enjoy their own opinions in silence? Why will they strive to disturb the minds of others with their doubts? when the establishment of their weak, and foolish system, can only

produce (if any) the most deplorable change in society. A belief in the doctrines of Christ cannot be productive of bad consequences, but is certainly productive of the most happy, the most benevolent effects: do they not aim at the destruction of all vice, and the promotion of all virtue? It is said by some, that Christianity imposes restraints on mankind, inconsistent with the freedom they ought, as rational beings, to enjoy; but taking it for granted, that man is under restraint in this case, is not this restraint salutary? and does it not promote, in a great degree, the best interests of society? What is it that produces calmness, composure, fortitude, and resignation, in the mind of man, amidst all the distresses, and afflictions, which are incident to mortality? what is it that robs the grim monarch, Death, of his terrors? is it a consciousness that our troubles will soon have an end, and we be wrapt in eternal oblivion? No! it is the sweet confidence of the existence of virtuous mortals in another and a happier world, there to enjoy bliss unalterable and eternal, greater than this world can bestow, or the human imagination form any idea of.

If then Christianity proves a source of so much comfort to its professors; if it cheers them in the hours of sorrow and distress; supposing it to be all an illusion, a phantom of an enthusiastic and simple imagination, is it not cruel and inhuman to rob man of the comforts he receives from the promises of the Christian doctrines, without attempting to give him a more rational ground of hope; but on the contrary, where their persuasions are successful, they not only rob him of these comforts, but free him from all the sacred ties, which form the foundation of the happiness of society. We all know how weak the ties of honour and morality, and even law, are, when unassisted by religion. When once this is, (if ever it can be) subverted, then "farewell, a long farewell" to human happiness; farewell to justice, when oaths are no longer binding; farewell to peace, to order, to conjugal happiness, when the most sacred ties formed at the altars of the Most High, will no longer be considered as binding; when no religious considerations will prevent man from indulging in every excess, and in every vice, whether it may or may not prove injurious to society. Indeed the consequences which would follow the subversion of the Christian religion are so melancholy, that I cannot help thinking, that those who endeavour to subvert it, are enemies to human happiness.

CARLOS.



## EXTRAORDINARY CEREMONY.

*Annually performed in the Nicobar Islands, in honour of the dead.*

[From the ASIATIC RESEARCHES, lately published.]

ON the anniversary of this festival, if it can be so called, their houses are decorated with garlands of flowers, fruits, and branches of trees. The people of each village assemble, drest in their best attire, at the principal house in the place, where they spend the day in a convivial manner; the men, sitting apart from the women, smoke tobacco and intoxicate themselves; while the latter are nursing their children, and employed in preparations for the mournful business of the night. At a certain hour of the afternoon, announced by striking the *Gong*, the women set up the most dismal howls and lamentation, which they continue without intermission till about sun-set, when the whole party get up, and walk in procession to the burying-ground. Arrived at the place, they form a circle around one of the graves, when a stake, planted exactly over the head of the corpse is pulled up. The woman who is nearest a-kin to the deceased, steps out from the crowd, digs up the skull, and draws it up with her hands. At sight of the bones, her strength seems to fail her; she shrieks, she sobs; and tears of anguish abundantly fall on the mouldering object of her pious care. She clears it from the earth, scrapes off the festering flesh, and laves it plentifully with the milk of fresh cocoa-nuts, supplied by the by-standers; and after which she rubs it over with an infusion of saffron, wraps it carefully in a piece of new cloth. It is then deposited again in the earth and covered up; the stake is replanted, and hung with the various trappings and implements belonging to the deceased. They proceed then to the other graves; and the whole night is spent in repetitions of these dismal and disgusting rites.

On the morning following, the ceremony is concluded by an offering, of many fat swine; when the sacrifice made to the dead affords an ample feast to the living: they besmear themselves with the blood of the slaughtered hogs, and some more voracious than others, eat the flesh raw. They have various ways, however, of dressing their meat; but always eat it without salt. A kind of paste made of the *melôri* serves them for bread: and they finish their repast with copious potations of *taury*.

The Nicobareans are hospitable and honest, and are remarkable for a strict observance of truth, and for punctuality in adhering to their engagements. Such crimes

as theft, robbery, and murder, are unknown in these islands; but they do not want spirit to revenge their injuries, and will fight resolutely and slay their enemies, if attacked. This failing can be so called, is inebriation; but in their cups they are generally jovial and good humoured. It sometimes however, happens at feasts, that the men of different villages fall out; and the quarrel immediately becomes general. In these cases they terminate their differences in a pitched battle, where the only weapons used are long sticks, of a hard and knotty wood. With these they drub one another most heartily, till, no longer able to endure the conflict, they mutually put a stop to the combat, and all get drunk again.

### ANTIQUITIES OF INTERIOR AMERICA:

[From the Manuscript of a late Traveller.]

BESIDES those ruins in the Illinois and Wabash countries, which have been often mentioned, there are others no less remarkable many hundreds of miles farther west, and particularly in the country about the great falls of the Mississippi. As we approach these falls, commonly called St. Anthony's, we frequently meet with pyramids of earth, from 30 to 70, and even 80 feet in height. These are, most probably, the tombs of the ancient kings and chieftains of this part of America, though there are others which I am inclined to believe were erected in consequence of some signal victory: and possibly, to cover the bones and carcasses of the slain. In digging horizontally into several of these pyramids, a little above the base, we generally found a stratum of white substance, somewhat like moist lime, and glutinous withal, extending in all probability several yards within; or perhaps nearly the whole length of the diametrical line. I had even reason to believe this consolidated chalky substance to be the remains of skeletons, buried perhaps 200 centuries ago, and converted by time, and the operation of the elements, into their present state.

Many tokens remain, on both sides of the Mississippi, of the country being in ancient ages as well cultivated and as thickly inhabited as the country on the Danube or the Rhine; which fully proves that the literati have been too hasty in denominating America a new world, or an original present to the Europeans from the hands of rude nature.

A copper-mine was opened some years since, farther down the Mississippi, and

to the great surprise of the labourers, a large collection of mining tools were found several fathoms below the superficies of the earth. Another person, in digging for a well, discovered a furnace of brick work, five fathoms below the present surface; and in this furnace were found a quantity of coals and fire-brands, which, for ought we know, might have been kindled in the days of Moses or Lycurgus.

Not long since, at a spot on the shore of the Ohio, where the bank had been wasted by the undermining of the water, a stone dropped out, of the hardest kind of black marble, about seven pounds in weight, having twelve equal surfaces, each surface being mathematically equilateral and equiangular five sided figures; this does not appear to be a *lusus naturæ*, but a work of exquisite art, the offspring of human ingenuity.

Near the falls of the Mississippi, there is a salt spring in the bed of a river, which has been inclosed with stone work of unknown antiquity, to keep out fresh water. In times of freshes, however, the river overflows the stone work, and mixes with the brine, so that it does not afford salt to the savages hereabouts, until the river is considerably fallen.

In several places, circular fortifications have been discovered in the same country: these are constantly inclosed with deep ditches, and fenced with a breastwork. From these, and many other similar remains of antiquity, one would be inclined to think the world much older than has been commonly imagined. Several tribes on the western side of the great river above mentioned, date their national existence for more than 20,000 moons back; and the Indians of the eastern world go infinitely farther into the depths of time, tho' both relate many events of these distant periods, that are evidently mixed with fable.

### AN ODDITY.

OF all the oddities in the world an odd woman is the greatest. Women in general, are as fond of being distinguished as men; I do not say my wife is, but certain I am, she really deserves to be as much as ever a woman did—She really is an odd woman; and I know not how to compliment her character by a better epithet. To say she is chaste would not do her complete justice, for she has a thousand other virtues, which to mention, except under this general idea, would require too many words.

The term odd is, I believe, generally understood to mean some peculiarity in the

dispositions or manners of persons: One of my neighbours is odd enough to mount his horse from the off-side; his wife is never in the fashion until all the rest of the world is out of it; and his son Jack is so peculiar in his temper, that he will always laugh at anger, and fret at good nature—These are odd in the particular, my wife is a more general oddity.

Maria had just entered upon her twenty-first year when I became acquainted with her. I found united in her the happy assemblage of beauty, benevolence and sentiment; she was too poor to be proud, and too generous to be capable of deceit. For three or four years she had been the object of envy and love, of adulation and hatred; the affluent beheld her with envy and affected contempt, rising above them to the homage of those whom riches had failed to allure. Her accomplishments, which she owed rather to nature than to art, united with the graces of her person, had gathered her a multitude of admirers, who according to the common estimation of the world, were superior to her highest expectations: But she had dismissed them all; some because they endeavoured to recommend themselves through flattery, others because they were too fashionably loose in their principles and morals—and many because they had no principle at all. The world, in general, censured her conduct; imputing it to caprice, prudery, coquetry, &c. according to the different whims of their judgment.

To these I succeeded, but with better fortune. After a few months courtship she yielded her hand to my repeated importunity, and became my wife. I do not mean by this account to appear the herald of my own merit; so far from it, I acknowledge I am not handsome, nor half so rich as many of my unsuccessful rivals; I have neither the ability or inclination to flatter; I never called her an angel, nor even told her she was beautiful; nor did I ever kneel at her feet to sue for those innocent favours which caprice oftener than modesty denies a favourite lover. In the character of a wife, she has collected the features of charity and economy, industry and neatness, simplicity and elegance. Economical without parsimony, neat without pride, and liberal without ostentation, she is what she should be, a good wife, a candid and sincere friend, and a kind neighbour.—Unconscious of her superior excellencies, which raise her merit above any relation to, or dependence on riches, she is too apt to compare her former indigent circumstances to her present situation, and to

feel a diminution of her real worth while she contemplates their difference. This has often given me disquiet, because whenever I make her a trifling present it seems to mortify her. About a year ago I offered her a pair of elegant pastels:—I knew they were in the rank of superfluities, but I knew that my fortune was not only equal, but the laws of fashion, and even common opinion, had imposed this tax upon riches; and I flattered myself Maria would wear them, not only on that account but to please her husband; she however refused to accept them, telling me that instead of gratifying her pride, they would be a continual index, pointing to her former situation—that she could not in every particular think with the rest of the world, that such external appendages lent any real excellence to the wearer; they are more suitable, said she, for those who are born to, and educated in affluence, to whom by habit, they are become natural. But I always pitied those new made people who so wrongly conceive of the lesson these ornaments teach: A rational being in my situation, would rather learn humility than pride from wearing them. Her reasoning prevented expostulation, I put the buckles in my pocket, went abroad and sold them for the price I purchased them for, and at my return gave my wife the money. A few days after, as I was sitting in my study, Maria came in, accompanied with four little misses, which she had dressed in complete uniform—You need not tell me, Maria, said I, how you have employed your money.—Lead forth this little group of gladness into the street, my love, shew the world what your benevolence has done with the contempt of your pride, and the rich will sympathise with the mortified peacock gazing at his own feet.

#### ON THE NATIONAL CHARACTER OF THE DUTCH.\*

[From the manuscript notes of a German.]

THE first thing that offends a foreigner upon his entrance into Holland, is a certain indifference and coldness of manners.

\* The following notes were occasioned by reading a little work, "*The familiar letters of a Dane*," and afterwards "*Rien's Travels through Holland*." Amongst the many observations made by these travellers during their very rapid journey, are some precipitate and but half true. Against this error I am perhaps protected by a nine years residence in Holland, till the spring of 1798. Besides, what will insure credibility to my assertions, George Forster, who of all travellers has most profoundly and accurately examined the character of the Dutch, as well as of other nations, and whose "*Views*" I had the means of comparing with the following remarks, immediately after they were written, has in many points established the same conclusions.

D. KISS.

He hears none of those warm expressions of kindness, which in other countries are a part of good breeding, and which, tho' they cost little or nothing to the speaker, so agreeably flatter those to whom they are addressed: he witnesses none of those eager marks of esteem, friendship and solicitude, which indeed are seldom seriously meant; in short, none of what are generally considered as the principal ingredients of politeness.

A stranger, when he delivers his letters of introduction to a fashionable Hollander, will be disgusted by his cold and ceremonious reception of him; and feel himself compelled by the monosyllabic abruptness of his conversation immediately to enter upon the business which has brought him to Holland, and particularly occasioned that visit. The Dutchman will then with due formality express the suggestions of the moment, promise his assistance, and then, pleading an immediate engagement, make an appointment at the exchange; the place of common resort for every kind of business: and our traveller may congratulate himself if he be now and then invited to his table (*op un Kabbelijauwytje* or *Tongotje*) or in summer to his country-house: as to every thing else, he is left entirely to himself, on the supposition, that at his hotel, or at some coffee-house, he will meet with persons, who for a gratuity will point out to him what is worthy of observation in the town, or assist him in passing away the time. Every visit, not upon business, which he makes at the house to which he was introduced, will discover to him that he is an incumbrance both to the master of it and all his family.

On the other hand, civility and hospitality generally prevail among the middle classes of the people, in proportion as they are less desirous to imitate the higher orders. The anecdote in "*Forster's Views*," of the landlord who pulled off his warm slippers to offer them to a traveller, is a striking representation of the good disposition of the wealthy Dutch citizens; however, the contrast between them and those of more fashionable life is not always so remarkable. And, generally speaking, there is no country where humanity and civilization are more completely found among the middling classes than in Holland; and even among the rich and fashionable in the smaller towns, if not at Amsterdam, an unassuming civility and kindness are found in a considerable degree.

A stranger who has lost his way, or cannot find the place to which he is going, may venture to enquire of the first person



he meets in the street, or ring at the next house, whether the door be open or shut: the person addressed will, if he can any how guess his meaning, assist him with the greatest readiness, or if he does not understand or cannot inform him, will call to some one who is passing by; so that a stranger may occasionally find himself surrounded by persons, every one of whom is desirous of assisting him. And all this takes place without the least pretensions or expectation of praise. It often happens that a person, observing a stranger apparently ignorant of the town, will anticipate his inquiries and offer his service. It is never adviseable rudely to refuse any request whatever, as for instance, to help a porter with a heavily laden wheel-barrow over a bridge. A man who was smoking before his door, was driven into the house by the hisses of a mob, which soon collected, because he refused to light the pipe of a day-labourer who was passing by.

In other respects, it is found here, particularly at Amsterdam, that in proportion to his rank and riches a man loses his natural goodness of disposition; and suffers himself to be meanly and narrowly limited in every word and action by selfish considerations of profit and loss. No persons talk more about good-breeding, (*beheefdheid*) or pride themselves more upon it, than the Dutch; but their good-breeding is nothing but a stiff and cold ceremonial comprehending some half dozen mighty points; one of the most important of which is, a certain appropriate salutation of acquaintances in the street; and a formal enquiry after the healths of themselves and family, (*hoe vaart RUVE en Mevrouw, en de Familie;*) which is practised even towards foreigners when seen for the first time. And their good-breeding by no means precludes them from being guilty of ill-manners, and rudeness the most offensive. It is, however, only certain purse-proud citizens of no education who can be accused of this, and not the inhabitants in general, to whom nevertheless, *Riem*, has imputed it.\* Here, too, they know very well how to distinguish the man of education from the upstart, though indeed much will be overlooked in the latter, if he be rich, and can render himself useful or injurious to one of more fashion. An abstaining from oaths is not, as *Riem* supposes, peculiar only to the *pictist*, but, as should be the case every where, generally marks the man of education. On the other hand, young persons affect French manners, the essence of which they unfortunately fancy to consist in trifling, which

from the poverty of their own minds sinks into mere absurdity, and, from their want of French delicacy, becomes a monstrous compound of spruceness, affectation and awkwardness.

With this ceremonious stiffness is connected an unsociable temper, an unwillingness to associate intimately with any but those with whom they have been long acquainted, and before whom they feel no restraint. Hospitality too is at a low ebb with them. It is true that foreigners who have good letters of introduction are sometimes invited to entertainments, but, for the most part, they are made only when some commercial advantage is expected to be derived from them; at such times their pride is gratified by displaying their riches before foreigners of rank.

(To be continued)

#### For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. HOGAN,

By inserting the following Questions in your Repository, you will much oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

1. Who was he who would have been without brothers if he had not had two sons.

2. There is a piece of English household furniture of a figure not square, flat, nor round, has a certain number of extremities of an equal length, which alternately serve for its top and bottom, and with propriety (in one particular) its name is very humorously derived from a certain animal of the quadruped kind.—Quere, What is it, and why so distinguished.

3. In the most sacred of all histories we read of one who never offended God, nor in his life committed sin, nor knew deceit, whose thoughts, deeds and actions were perfectly innocent, nor ever told a lye, but whenever he spoke, he spoke truth, yet for all his uprightness, he is doomed never to sit in Christ's kingdom.

SIR TAFFEY BLUNDERBUSS.

#### ANECDOTE.

A VERY devout fellow not being able to please his nice piety in his prayers, used only to repeat the alphabet, and then to add, "O Lord God, put these letters into syllables, and these syllables, into words, and these words into sentences, that may be most for my real good."

#### SCRAP.

Life and the grave two different lessons give,  
Life shews us how to die—death how to live.

#### For the Philadelphia Repository.

Cæsaria dentur Cæsari: or, Give every one his due.  
PROV.

To the Right Worshipful, "A LOOKER-ON," and "EDWARD STAMMERS," Masters and Professors of Music, Logicians, Grammarians, Critics, Authors, Advocates, Scribblers, Time servers, &c. &c. &c.

NOBLE AND ILLUSTRIOUS SIRS!

AT all times, it is the duty of your suppliants to come into your august presence, with profound humility and reverential awe; and on the present solemn occasion, the heavy load of my imputed guilt, and those sentiments added together, compel me to approach you with fear and trembling. It appears, by the Philadelphia Repository, of the 10th inst. that you have exhibited against me, and me alone, altho' there are others glanced at as accomplices, a black list, containing no less than nine daring and heinous crimes, committed "contrary to the laws of your Nobilityships, and against the peace and dignity of the same." As, therefore, according to the great law-luminary of the British nation,\* high rank, whether acquired by birth or glorious achievements, has inseparably connected with it a certain generosity or greatness of soul; and as the nature and number of the charges against me will prevent me from obtaining counsel on my behalf; I trust, that your usual humanity and benevolence will be so far interested in the disconsolate condition of a deserted unhappy culprit, as to grant me (what is generally granted in similar criminal prosecutions) the privilege of "confronting my accusers face to face, and of being heard in my own defence." This obtained, I shall now, without further exordium, proceed, in the first place, to lay down the charges generally—and afterwards shall examine them separately and particularly; offering upon each such ideas and observations as may naturally arise out of their subject matter: Herein, I intend to proceed with all due deference to the exalted authority before whom I stand; but if in the extensive investigation on which I am entering, I shall at any time be tempted to laugh at something ludicrous, I am confident that the great good sense of your Noble selves will never permit you for a moment to suppose that I am laughing at you.—Thus then the several charges against me are as follows:

1. Want of DELICACY—inferrible from the irony of the accusation, "he cannot expect many thanks for his delicacy," &c.

2. Baseness in attributing bad motives—inferrible from the language, "before he imputed bad motives to others," &c.

3. Inconsistency—in having "went about in a very singular manner" to reconcile W. B. and Mr. Law, "and much injured the cause he meant to befriend."

4. Mental derangement—contained in the words, "under some mental derangement," &c.

5. Being half asleep and out of my senses—inferrible from the expression, "neither would any person properly awake, and in their senses," &c.

6. Hypocrisy—in these words, "the hyp—I (I suppose he means hypocritical)" Subscriber, who pretends," &c.

7. Stirring up quarrels—as contained in—"what himself is stirring up," &c.

8. Degradation—as drawn from the expressions, "this degrading Subscriber," and "contempt where merited," &c. And

9. (To cap the grand climax, I am accused of) Dealing with the devil—because "his alleged, that nobody who had not preternatural agency, a second-sight, or evil spirit, could have perceived that a controversy existed, when it did not exist;" or, in other words, that I see what no other human being can see.

This, to be sure, is a long and black catalogue of atrocious crimes; which will claim your accustomed patience and moderation, as judges, jury and executioners, while it will call forth all my planness and pointlessness in a free, full and fair discussion. As, there-

\* Judge Blackstone—See his Commentaries.

\* Reise durch Holland, 1ag. 346.



fore, the last charge is of the most serious nature, and perhaps the hinge upon which the rest turn, I shall begin with an examination into the foundation of it first: Afterwards I shall pursue the others in a similar way, from one to eight inclusively.

And first—As to his *Sooty Highness* (as he is called) or infernal majesty, I don't see how he can be any more blameable than your Noble Selves in this affair, because I do most solemnly assure you, that never having been knighted, as you have, I have never seen his Sannic Majesty's pretty face, no more than that of his Britannic Majesty, as some of you probably have; nor do I know whether his form be round or square, cylindrical, or triangular: consequently you do him injustice; for all the world would "give the devil his due," but no more. I will, therefore, call your attention to the sources from whence I, without any preternatural means, got my information respecting the *actual existence of a controversy between the Uranian Society, and Mr. Law*; I mean, as far as my present incomplete file of the Philadelphia Repository will furnish me. In this place, it may not be improper to give this concise sketch of what appeared in the papers respecting Mr. Law and the Uranian Society—Upon its being understood, that Mr. Law, in his visit to Philadelphia, had it in view to teach a Singing School, some correspondent presented him a complimentary welcome, on the occasion, and expressed a sanguine expectation that the citizens would unite in giving a cordial reception and liberal patronage to acknowledged worth and talents, in preference to others who professed to have, but had them not; and whom, he of course could not help denominating "quacks" in the science of music. This drew from another correspondent, a warm reply, (June 6) signed TRUTH, which, while it wears the specious garb of candour, shews something of snakish venom also, and at the same moment too; for in one breath, he calls Mr. Law an "esteemed musical professor;" and immediately in the agitation of his contending feelings, he bursts out into a question of sneering at Mr. L. "Do we absolutely stand in need of *this unrivalled professor*, to revive this essential part [of music] by regulating our voices in *his singular manner*?" How much has church harmony been improved by his last visit!—How many *new tunes* have been introduced into that part of divine worship?" &c.—Yet scarcely does he finish this sentence, when for fear of the imputation of *Latet anguis in herba*, he smoothly homies over his too palpable acerbity, with "the writer does not desire to speak a word against Mr. Law; his abilities are well known, and justly esteemed." This I am told (for I have not the paper by me) was followed by a modest and attractive piece, bearing no signature, on the subject of cultivating sacred harmony, and conveying an humble but grateful tribute of encomium, both on Mr. L.'s musical talents, and his benovolent intentions—Soon after blusters forth in all the self-sufficiency of Hudibrastic knight errantry, (thus presuming to ape your Noble Selves) a certain W. B. alias Farchelor of Wonders, or William Brown, as he is called, alias William Blunderbuss; and appears to insinuate that Mr. L. is the author of the complimentary communication already mentioned, and consequently the rumpeter of his own fame;—Mr. Hogan, like an impartial editor, and a gentleman, in his notes to correspondents, (Sept. 5) informs him, that Mr. L. is not the author; and observes, that "he (Mr. W. B.) in his remarks, exhibits such charges, pointed at Mr. L. as an individual, that the editor does not think himself bound to give publicity to them, unless the writer takes the responsibility of their meeting the public eye entirely upon himself." In a note from Mr. L. dated the 16th and published the 19th of Sept. he expresses a wish that "his (W. B.'s) remarks may meet the public eye," and requests that the editor will "insert them in the next number." Just below Mr. L.'s note, however, in the same No. Sept. 19, appears W. B. like the Jupiter in the Heavens Mythology, in his chariot of fire, brandishing in his right arm the rolling thunders, as he triumphantly "rides on the volley of lightnings thro' the heavens," making even his own proud Olymp-

\* *Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination.*

pus totter on its base—But, as I am not more "disposed" than your Noble Selves, or the respectable Directors of the Uranian Society, "to arrogate to myself the 'encomiums' of merit, and the medal of precedence," by attempting the sublime, to which W. B. is almost exclusively entitled, I shall here make a short pause, in the main design, for the purpose of expressing the admiration I feel upon reading a production so replete with genius, knowledge and energy.

In thus taking particular notice of this inimitable *chef d'œuvre*, I am confident that you, Noble Sirs, will consider me as paying a due respect to yourselves, with whom the author has been long in habits of intimacy, and with whom you have often generously concurred musical plans, solely for the promotion of the public good. You will also give me credit for preserving its fame from the ravages of time, or from that oblivion to which it must have remained consigned, had not such an imperious event as the present, called it forth into the full blaze of day, as the paragon of perfection, and an exemplar for posterity; for, only appearing once in a newspaper, it has, I'll venture to say, been seen but by a few, read by fewer still, and understood by scarcely one, on account of its not being according to the rules of common and hackneyed writers, such as Addison, Swift, Johnson, Blair, &c.; who, it is well known, were always in their trammels. Mr. W. B. appears to be one of those writers, who, according to the poet,

"From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,  
"And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art;"

And this is the strongest evidence of uncommon genius, for native genius spurns at all rules but those of its own making. It is true, indeed, that some "conceited genius, and malicious quack," who has been all his life so used to grammatical constructions and grammatical sounds, as, that like a pack horse, he tires without his bells, might find fault with the words, "friends calls," "insinuations makes," &c. as being ungrammatical, in confounding the singular and plural numbers; but let them say what they please, I have the great *Longinus* on my side, and that's sufficient. With regard to W. B.'s knowledge, I would observe, that it seems to be as unbounded as his genius and (with due deference I speak it) almost upon a par with that of your Noble Selves, to which it bears an affinity: for he knows the "original forms" of "tunes" and their "original style," tho' he never saw one nor heard the other—knows all the "best pieces of music at the present day," all the "verses" that are "musical," and how far the powers of a man could go to make "the most insipid and flat Tenor possible." And as to his energy, I am sure every man will join with me in the opinion, that it is of a nature peculiar to the cast of the author's mind. There is no Johnsonian, sesquipedalian, circumlocutory introduction to his fulminating anathemas on those who are daring enough to vie with him in musical knowledge;—there are only the plain and forcible trisyllables, dissyllable and monosyllables of "conceited, malicious, malicious, contempt, quack, quack!" and these are as efficient, as are the beatings of biscuit paste, and run as smoothly and harmoniously as the beatings of time when performed by certain teachers. Nay, has not this energy already immortalized his name, as well as that of the "Uranian Society," who "deserve the applause of every lover of music," as being "the means of bringing that delightful art to its greatest perfection?"—but it is unnecessary to dwell any longer on a production, whose every line is a text and every word bullion.

And yet it seems by the Repository of Sept. 29 that Mr. Law was weak enough, or so much off his guard as to presume to examine this same unparalleled production, and attempt to refute the charges in it against him. Vain attempt! to pretend to wipe off the imputation of "conceitedness and quackery," which are indelibly imprinted upon his character by the brazen pen of this redoubtable Uranian champion! Why dare he reply to—But, Noble Sirs, I beg your pardon for this digression, I did not come before you to plead Mr. L.'s

\* *Pope's Essay on Criticism.*

cause, but my own; in which, after humbly thanking you for the politeness and condescension I have received from you, I shall proceed.

I come now to the publication of the "Directors of the Uranian Society," wherein they voluntarily and uncalled, appear before the public; and in the fullness of conscious innocence, candidly declare, that W. B.'s piece, (which I have just panegyricised) "was presented to two Directors of that Society, at the same time charging them, or some other of its members, with being the author." This, this is the most delightful part of my defence; as it affords me an opportunity of speaking of the liberality and spirit of my countrymen; as well as of complimenting your Nobilityships—one of whom (Noble Looker-on) knows "the managers" to be "all men of respectability," and the name of the other, (yourself, Noble Stammers) is ranked the second, tho' by the by, if merit have precedence, it should have been the first on that respectable list of signatures. Altho' the Uranian Society are silent as to the name of the person who presented the piece, I exult in the belief that he must have been some *Macanass*, who wanted to stretch forth the fostering hand of patronage, and raise the possessor of so much worth and talents as W. B. displays, from humble obscurity, to bask in the meridian sunshine of fortune and of fame. For, alas! it has been a truth but too melancholy, ever since the days of Homer, that

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
"The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;  
"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
"And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

But to proceed—There is no recent publication that I know of, which has been so hacked, mangled, torn and perverted as that of the respectable Uranian Society, by a set of dullards, who scarcely know *W* from a *wizzard*, or *B* from a *biscuit*—*E* from an *empyre*, or *S* from *salmagundy*.—Why, I was the other day so pestered with them and their crit-witicisms, that I was obliged to hollow out "Shut, shut the door!" and then lock myself up from their stupid impertinencies. One of them observed that the bare circumstance of a deputation from the Uranian Society coming forward *smoking hot* from a "special meeting," to "disapprove of the performance," (of W. B.) and "declare their utter ignorance of the author," was a convincing proof that they had a *finger in the pie*; because a man conscious of his own innocence, would never attempt to exculpate or excuse himself before he had been accused: But I soon made this answer, and pushed it home to them—Suppose the sheriff were in search of a felon, wouldn't you take the first opportunity of running up to him, and assure him, I am not the person—Indeed I'm not!—And wouldn't you, "assert that" you never "had any knowledge of the" affair "until it (was known) in public?" Most certainly you would.—This gave my quibbling gentlemen a kind of a temporary lock jaw—when up starts another, with, Aye, but Sir don't the Uranian Society appear to take a part with W. B. in his "animadversion on the musical talents of Mr. Law," when they forbear to tell us whether he is one of them or not?—Does it not look a little like opposit on to Mr. Law, and a wish to kick up a controversy, when they roundly declare that "he has openly asserted it (this establishment as a society) was against himself?—Very true, replied I,—but you should take the whole point together—Don't the Society say at the same time that they "feel themselves disagreeably called upon to answer,"—that they "desire to observe harmony and correspondence with all professors of sacred music,"—that they "are not disposed to arrogate to themselves the encomiums of W. B. nor resent the mistaken charge of Mr. Law," and that their only objection to Mr. Law was "his want of sociability."—I here now, the edit is, rejoins my antagonist—there it is, *finesse!* that's their battery—that and a little *hypocrisy* will answer all their purposes.—Pray, good Sir, review their publication, and reconsider what you have just said—I that they were called upon is not true unless, Gibberian-like, they indiguously called on themselves; for there had been nothing published to call them forth.—And disagreeably too?—that seems hardly probable, when they availed

\* *Grey's Elegy.*



themselves of the opportunity of insidiously stabbing at Mr. Law twice—And what are they called on for?—Forsooth "to answer the charge" of W. B.'s piece having been written by the Society, or some of their members—"And after all, what have they done?" "If they intended to (answer) they went about it in a very singular manner."—All we find is, that "it (the charge I suppose) is entirely contrary to the principles of the first promoters of the institution"—and their directors, only four in number, by way of convincing their fellow citizens that the whole Society had nothing to do with W. B. or his reflections upon the character of Mr. Law, "do assert, that *neither of them* had any knowledge of the piece above mentioned, until it appeared in public." They don't pretend to say that any or all the rest of the Society were as ignorant of it as themselves—No, no, they are sensible that if they can but shuffle off the malevolence and opposition of the Society to Mr. Law, and take the blame on themselves, all would go as they wish, and the world would therefore never suspect them of practising the insidious artifice of undermining another's well earned reputation, for the purpose of erecting their own on its ruins. Aye, aye, I know them well,—this is what they are after,—this is their object—and for the accomplishment of this they will keep up opposition and contest, openly and secretly, night and day, incessantly, till victory be decided by the public, either in favour of them or Mr. Law.

Here, after he had almost overwhelmed me with a torrent of words, he bounced out of the room, and left me to peace and quietness again.

Thus, Noble Sirs, I conclude my references and observations on one of the charges in your indictment—whether I am guilty or not.

#### LET EVERY MAN JUDGE FOR HIMSELF!

I will, however, just make one remark, which I wish you to bear in mind, that if judgment be given against me, I will immediately turn attorney-general for your Nobilityships, and prosecute in the manner in which I have been, every man, woman and child, who dares to hint that there is a controversy existing between Mr. Law and the Uranian Society—And now I think of it, my first object will be royal game, as the saying is—No less than the Editor of the Philadelphia Repository himself, who, in his Notes to Correspondents (Oct. 3.) declares in the face of the world, that "Four communications on the existing controversy between Mr. Law and the Uranian Society,"—have been received, &c.

I am, with all due deference,

Noble Sirs,

Your most obliged, most obedient,  
Most devoted and very humble  
Subject and Servant,

A SUBSCRIBER,  
ALIAS  
PETER PINKUM.

P. S. The discussion of the remaining eight charges shall be taken up and decided upon in rotation without delay. It is therefore hoped that your Nobilityships will not bring up or enter upon new and extraneous business in the interim.

#### For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. HOGAN,

I have observed with pain the existing controversy between some of your correspondents respecting Mr. Law and the Uranian Society. I am a perfect stranger to the abilities of either of the parties, and consequently cannot judge, but I can assure the opponents, that the subject is far from being interesting to the readers of the Repository, and is disgusting from the virulence displayed by either of the disputants. Were the contest productive of either amusement or instruction to the reader, I should silently acquiesce in the will of these masters of the science of music; but as I apprehend it is neither requisite to the satisfaction of your subscribers, nor to their instruction, I cannot forbear expressing my disapprobation of such a controversy, so disagreeable in its nature, and so void of all utility. I am loth thus again to trouble you, Sir, with my corres-

pondence, but with the hope that the parties before mentioned, will pay some attention to the remonstrance of an individual, however insignificant, I have thought proper thus to express my sentiments, with the hope, Sir, that you will give this insertion. Yours &c.

JULIUS.

#### For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. HOGAN,

SIR,

Your correspondent, Edward Stammers, seems to be a dashing blade indeed, levelling his quills at friends and foes without distinction or mercy:—Mr. Stammers calls W. B. a flattering scribe, and asserts that he attacked Mr. Law wantonly. I would just ask the gentleman who is the greatest flatterer, himself or W. B.? Very possibly W. B. had some good reason for flattering the Uranian Society, when Mr. Stammers certainly can have none for flattering Mr. Law in the manner he has done in your last Repository. Mr. Law to my knowledge and to the knowledge of Mr. Stammers himself, has used language concerning Mr. Stammers very far from a flattering nature.

I am astonished that this heroic master of music, who has the temerity to set every other finger at defiance, should show himself so pusillanimous as to knuckle to, and eulogize the very man that he has rubbed in conversation much harder than W. B. did in your Repository.

The remarks of the "Looker-on," respecting the Subscriber taking W. B. for the Uranian Society is very good, and will apply most excellently to my subject.

Perhaps Mr. Stammers thought that W. B. took him for the Uranian Society when he gave them so much praise—and withed to return the compliment by calling W. B. a flattering scribe. Or perhaps he thought W. B. fell short of the eulogium he deserved, and has undertaken to do that for him, by defying the Subscriber, or his three colleagues, to bring forward a person taught in America to give at first sight the air and words of any strange piece of music, with more facility, accuracy and precision than his friend Edward Stammers.

I imagine he forgot who he was praising, or perhaps he composed it in a dream. QUIZ 'UM.

#### The Dessert.

SONNET I.

INVOCATION TO THE MUSE.

Sweet Poetry exalts!

THOMSON.

DAUGHTER of Heav'n! thou queen of all  
the pow'rs,

In gay, fantastic Fancy's fairy field,  
Who, or the hoarse, rough, vollied thun-  
ders wield, (bow'rs;  
Or waft soft zephyrs through the breezy

Or who, on Contemplation's wing sublime,  
Flitting from world to world thro' peer-  
less light, (old night,  
Views the drear realms of Chaos and  
And boundless space beyond the verge of  
time;—

Or, bursting quick, Creation's narrow  
mound,

Play sportive on Elysium's blissful plains,  
Where one eternal spring for ever reigns,  
And joy, love, harmony & peace abound:—

Smile on thy vot'ry,—all his soul inspire;  
And fill his bosom with thy sacred fire.

AMYNTOR.

## PHILADELPHIA,

OCTOBER 17, 1801.

### Marriages.

*As duty, interest and bliss combine,  
Inviting all in marriage bonds to join,—  
Quick let the health flush'd youth the bridal prove;  
Time flies,—and age is not a friend to love.  
Lo! kindred souls, who meet on equal ground,  
Whose love as grafted on esteem is found,  
Who study each to please,—taste solid joy,  
Which nothing else can give, nor time destroy.*

AMYNTOR.

MARRIED...In this City...On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Green, Mr. Peter Allerdice, to Miss Kitty Masoner...On the 11th, by the Rev. Dr. Smith, Mr. Casper Fondney, of Lancaster, to Miss Maria Beates, of this city....On the 15th, at the seat of Mr. Britten, banks of Schuylkill, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop White, Mr. John Richards, merchant, to Mrs. Mary Baker.

.....At Baltimore, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Beeston, James Blake, esq. commercial agent of the U. S. for the city of Antwerp, to the amiable Miss Alphonsa Carmichael, only child of the late William Carmichael, of Kent County.

### Deaths.

*See Death's impartial sway extend o'er all!  
See friends and relatives around us fall!  
No age,—no sex,—no station, high or low,  
Exemption from the grave shall ever know.  
We too must meet th' irrevocable doom;  
And every hour still nearer is the tomb:—  
GREAT PARENT! then, thy children teach to see  
The life, the death, the way that leads to THEE.*

AMYNTOR.

DIED...In this City....On the 13th inst. Mr. T. D. Ogden, a young man of amiable disposition, and gentle manners....On the 14th, Mr. James Willing....On the 12th, Mrs. Lætitia Young, wife of Mr. Charles Young.

.....At Burlington (N. J.) on the 11th, William Coxe, Esq. the elder, Æt. 70.

.....In Scotland (lately,) Gen. Lord Adam Gordon, Governor of Edinburgh Castle, &c.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

On account of the extreme length of the communication signed "A Subscriber," the editor has been obliged to print it on a small type. He begs leave to inform that writer, his coadjutors, opponents, &c. that they must in future compress what they have to say on the "existing controversy," within some moderate bounds, otherwise the subject will be entirely excluded from the Repository. And in order to prevent the "Subscriber" from breaking his neck in pursuit of what he is pleased to call "royal game," he, and all others, are requested to take notice, that the editor has no interest in, and will have no concern with the "existing controversy." Whether it is a controversy confined to the present moment, or of more ancient date, or whether it is a controversy between Mr. Law and the Uranian Society, or between Mr. Law and an individual, the public must and will decide—any thing the editor may have said to the contrary notwithstanding.

"A Lecture on Widows," will appear next week.



## TEMPLE of the MUSES.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

### LINES

ON THE DEATH OF A REGRETTED FRIEND.

WITH ruthless hand see tyrant Death advance,

Behold his pallid cheek and spectre form,  
With aim menacing poize his dreaded lance,  
And pour on Milner\* the destructive storm.

Fierce through his veins the burning fever creeps,

A hectic blush o'erspreads his blooming  
Delirious now he raves, or now he weeps,  
As mem'ry gives each transient idea place.

How speaks that hollow eye and aspect wild,  
Does it not serious truths to all convey;—  
Can this be Milner?—Nature's favour'd child,  
So happy once, so cheerful and so gay.

In vain he struggles with his fell disease,  
Nature exhausted gives the contest o'er,  
That gentle heart which ever strove to please,  
With expectation palpitates no more.

Couldst not thou, Death, restrain thy savage dart,

And spare this victim to thy tyrant sway?  
Could'st not thou leave his philanthropic heart,

And thro' another force thy destin'd way?

He's gone, I trust, to happier climes afar,  
Where no misconduct claims severer doom,

Where shines transcendant bright the morn-  
And no fair prospect's shadow'd o'er with gloom. W. K.

\* For notice of the death of this young gentleman, see the Repository, No. 47.

[The following BALLAD is founded upon a melancholy event, which occurred, during the last summer, [1800] about three miles from this city, upon the Schuylkill.—The circumstances supposed to be detailed by the unfortunate Mother are literally true.

PALE wand'r'er of the silent night!  
Why dost thou roam the river's side?  
Why turn'st thou, shudd'ring with affright,  
To gaze in anguish on the tide?

The chilling damps bedew thy hair,  
Thy cheek is wan, thy looks are wild:—

"Ah wonder not at my despair,"  
She cries, "I've lost my darling child!

"But yester morn my boy was well,  
My only boy, his mother's pride;  
His smiles my sorrows could dispel,  
But now he sleeps beneath the tide.

"He left my cot and took his boat,  
And blithesome carol'd on his way;  
And oft I heard his cheerful note,  
And joy'd my darling was so gay.

"And as the sun was mounting high,  
And fast approach'd the hour of noon;  
I often look'd upon the sky,  
And said, My boy is coming soon.

"And now my frugal meal I spread,  
I heard the dashing of his oar;  
I listened now to hear his tread,  
I listen'd for the op'ning door.

"The board was spread, but ah! no more  
My boy appear'd, the meal to share;  
Surely he lingers on the shore,  
And haply now is loit'ring there.

"Swift to this fatal spot I flew,  
I call'd, no answer met my ear;  
But yonder boat lay full in view,  
And at the sight I shrunk with fear.

"I look'd, and well I knew the boat,  
But ah! my darling was not there;  
Across it lay his little coat,  
And I beheld it with despair.

"But still one feeble hope remain'd,  
His hat was no where to be found;  
This thought my bursting heart restrain'd,  
Perhaps my darling was not drown'd.

"Perhaps soft sleep had seal'd his eye,  
Perhaps with youthful spirits gay,  
Some festive party sailing by,  
Allur'd him in their train away.

"But ah! not long that hope was mine,  
Slow sunk the sun behind the hill;  
The evening star began to shine,  
And yet my boy was absent still.

"And with the morning's earliest ray,  
I roam'd these fatal banks around,  
And through the long succeeding day,  
And still my darling is not found."

Yet let a stranger's prayer avail;  
Poor wand'r'er from this scene depart!  
Damp mists upon the waters sail,  
And chill thine agonizing heart.

"Ah no! I cannot seek my bed,  
Alas! I cannot hope to sleep;  
Wild visions fill my aching head,  
And here I'd rather sit and weep.

"Last night, if slumber seal'd my eye,  
I woke from some bewilder'd dream;  
And as the night-wind clamor'd by,  
I thought I heard my darling scream."

"And at my window oft I stood,  
And gaz'd with wildly anxious eye;  
And shudd'ring, watch'd the gilded flood,  
To see his pale corse floating by.

"No, urge me not to seek my bed,  
I cannot quit this fatal shore;  
Such anguish fills my aching head,  
I think that I shall sleep no more."

Now morning dawn'd, the rising beam,  
Shot quiv'ring lustre o'er the tide;  
When gazing on the gliding stream,  
His floating corse at length she spied.

"Oh God! my fears are true, he's there;  
(Wild anguish flashing from her eyes;)  
"Oh! yes, I see his streaming hair,  
My darling boy is there," she cries.

Her shrieks of anguish fill'd the air,  
The pitying neighbours crowded round!  
His corse they from the waters bear,  
And soon they laid him in the ground.

Now, still with melancholy eye,  
Oft-times she gazes on the wave;  
She thinks upon her lovely boy,  
And shudd'ring, views his wat'ry grave.

The following simple Cure for the RING WORM is given in an Extract of a Letter from a gentleman of the Faculty at Fort St. George, to Dr. B. of the Bengal Establishment.

"It consists in nothing more than a frequent embrocation, or friction of the parts where the eruption prevails, with common mushroom Ketchup. This remedy, simple as it appears, has never been known to fail in removing the ring worm, itch, or any other cutaneous eruption, after every other nostrum has failed." [Culcut. Tel.

A very curious, and to the victim of it, a disagreeable occurrence, lately took place at the baths of Baden, in Austria:—A lady, who was remarkable for the beauty of her complexion, repaired to the baths in an elegant negligé. She had hardly dipped her hands into the water before she perceived they had become perfectly black. She was unable to account for this, but determined however not to expose herself to the laughter of her companions; she retired to a corner of the bath, and undressed herself, intending to wash of the blackness when she got into the water, into which she immediately jumped up to her chin. On coming out of the water, she found her bosom, her neck and part of her chin, metamorphosed into those of a negro. The dreadful event occasioned the greatest consternation in her mind; and she called in the assistance of her friends, but it was many days before they could succeed perfectly in washing the blackness white. The cause of the phenomenon is well known to all chemists to be in the property of the Baden waters of blackening all metals, and the lady had been employing cosmetics, into the composition of which metallic substances had entered.

## THE ARMENIAN;

OR,

## GHOST SEER,

A NOVEL, IN TWO VOLUMES;

Translated from the German of the celebrated F. SCHILLER,

Author of The Robbers, Don Carlos, &c. &c.

By the Rev. W. Render,

Professor of the German Language in the University of Cambridge,

IS THIS DAY PUBLISHED, BY

WILLIAM FRY,

No. 36, Chesnut-Street.

The frauds of magic, and the delusions of sense, is the ground-work of this interesting production. Whatever can excite the wonder or sympathy of the reader, has been interwoven in the history of the Prince of W..... by a master hand, who well knew his power over the human mind.

A mutilated translation of the first volume having appeared some time since, and meeting, in that state, with a favourable reception, induced the Rev. Mr. Render to present the Public a finished translation, in 4 volumes, which met with a rapid sale.

The present edition contains the work complete in 2 volumes, neatly printed, bound and lettered, price one dollar and seventy-five cents.

OCTOBER 3, 1801.

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